"S'Matter, Pop?" * 器 # 器 # By C. M. Payne Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Sweeing World.)









Ten Nation-Famous New York Murders

By Alfred Henry Lewis

2-The Mystery of the Wonderful "Girl in Green."

ombury ago. She was beautiful and accomplished.

Men after man fell is love with her and proposed marriage, she refused all such proposals, pre-tering to lead a butterfly life rather than to settle down to wedded routine. Coming to New York Too Much. York, she attracted tiptant attention and became Helen's door was gently opened, and Ingie's daughter. Helen forbade this. But as it

employing such terms as "Do you blood. think I will endure this? Shall The police of those days were laughed

And because it is commonly those that Robinson having killed Helen, set fire are afraid who kill, his fears made him to the room. It was an all-pervading dangerous. He was in a corner. To smell of smoke which, at 3 o'clock in gain time he replied to Helen's note the morning, induced Mrs. Townsend to with a letter in which he said with a force Helen's door. soul did not bear out.

omen are never so foolish as when door-forcing occasion. they threaten. You are never so foolish

them we shall see if we cannot be better friends hereafter. Do not tell any one I shall come."

The Murder.

Election's Frank wrote this letter in the backs of an interview with the robbed Herea and fits tearring daughter. What was said at that interview, and what perhaps was threatened, may have had a feel to do with what the letter told.

It reads as though murder were already in his caind. What he did Friday and murder, growth hears out this assumption. Because, greatly bears out this assumption.

Bookseen, situs Rivers, recolving upon murder, showed himself so much the bungler go to seem almost if not quite the fool. Remembering, possibly, his adventure with Miss Chancellor, his first thought's turned to arsonic, Dr. Chabert, the Offer King, sold drugs at the north-

thoughts turned to arsenic. Dr. Chabert, apartment. The old lady of the house, the Fire King, sold drugs at the north- Mrs. Townsend, was sitting on a sofa. cast corner of Broadway and Pearl, talking to several young men, in a great Robinson asked for arsenic at the Fire King's, giving rate as the reason; but the Fire King declined to sell him any, greatly doubting the rate.

State of excitement. She described what Helen had said—how she discovered the fire—how she made an alarm—how she canse over his left forcerm and extended his ungloved right hand.

"I have some to bid you

Failing the arsenic, the crude and sav- did paintings, sofas, ottomans and every adjeu," he said. "Forgive me for having my visit announced." age clumstness of Robinson fell back variety of costly furniture. the door of the house in Thomas street "He immediately rose—I followed him. counting ten. Mrs. Townsend let him in.

Miss Stevens met him on the stair, and story the police officer took a key from spoke to him. He went up to Holen's his pocket and opened the door.

"What a sight burst upon me!"

and Cora was fairly specimies. Not a much at whith Sir Richard. He was as much at waistoost pooket and handed it to Cora. recall."

with Sir Richard. He was as much at waistoost pooket and handed it to Cora. recall."

With a profound bow to both he recalled to the model.

"I am sailing on the Mauretania to-

Miss Stevens slept across the hall from

PROPERS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT. Helen's apartments. At 1 A. M. she Belon Doyen was born at Augusta, Me., a heard a dull blow, then groans, and crept to her door to listen. Ten minutes

move as "The Girl in Green," Her home here the peering Mins Stevens saw Robinson one at No. 41 Thomas street. At the theatre one steal, catfoot, down the stair. It would night she met a jeweller's clerk, Richard Robin-nos. They fell in love with one another. To buy seem that Miss Stevans saw too much ute for the Girl in Green the routh state that Saturday night, for, like Miss Chanben his employer, Joseph Horis of Maiden lane. cellor before her, she too died of potson to sroid presontion for theft he offered to marry one week before Robinson's triel. As ation of marriage or jail, Robinson pre- she stood looking and listening at her half-open door, Miss Stevens heard Robinson leave the house by the rear.

Robinson climbed two fences and ER "dear Frank" having re- found his way into Rudson street mained away a week, Helen through the basement of a house cooubecame uneasy. She wrote pied by a black laundress. In the hurry him an imperious note, com- of his fence-climbing, he lost his cloak manding his appearance, and and the murderous hatchet-a-rest with

I, who have rejected hundreds, alt at as "Leatherheads." And yet, within quiet under treatment only invented the hour following Mrs. Townsend's for my mortification? . . . You have ories of "Murder! Watch!" Leatherhead known how I can love. Do not, oh, do Bidridge had found the hatchet, t provoke the experiment of seeing Leatherhead Palmer had found the how I can hate. But in love or in hate, Spanish cloak, while Leatherhead Dennis Brink had arrested Robinson in bed Helen's Frank was afraid of her. with his roommate, James Tow.

The House of Fate.

"I have read your note with pain-I Let a newspaper man of the day tell ould say displeasure-nay, anger, what Mrs. Townsend beheld upon that

"Yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, as when you threaten me. Keep quiet the sun broke out for a moment in until I come on Saturday night, and splender. I started on a visit to the then we shall see if we cannot be better scene at No. 41 Thomas street. On passfriends hereafter. Do not tell any one ing through Chapet street I came to the

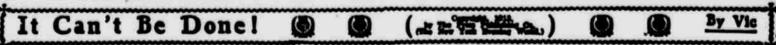
" 'I would,' I replied.

just as the far-off beils of Trinity were We mounted an elegant staircase, dark

"What a sight burst upon me!" (To Be Continued.)

THE STORY OF PICKETT'S CHARGE.

Written by His Widow for The Broning World The most spectacular feat in American warfare was Pickett's Charge lottrajury. Mrs. Gen. Pickett has written a graphic, vivid account of Adotests attack. It will appear in to-morrow's (Weinseday's) Swening 26 is a story you must not miss.





The Man With a Billion A Great Summer Story By John A. Moroso.

STHOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XL.

(Continued.)

night," he said, placing his top hat and cane on a gilt chair near him. "That is,

the ship sails very early in the morning and I shall go aboard in a few minutes

'The police found it to their advantage

so as to avoid temptation of any sort."

to release me yesterday," he explaine

"Justice demanded that I be tooked up as a felon and put in prison for the rest of the days. But business demanded that the vasious bankers who suffered semewhat in a rethery fellowing a re-cent dewatown fire be given their meany

Author of "THE QUARRY."

Adrian and Cors realized in a moment HE Zophar diamond lay on the table between them. that Sir Richard had held the winning card in the game with the police and that by returning the greater part of the stolen cash and securities he had gained

Sir Richard let the lids drop over his eyes and continued as if in reflection. "I did not want to leave the country There was a quaver in without telling you good-by, Mrs. Perdrian was standing an ton," he said. "You came very near her eyes, questioningly. Adrian was standing and looking into

playing a very important part in my life. "The man must have been madly in You may recall what I said to you not love with you," he said. so long age when I asked vainly for your "He entered this apartment like a "You said that you would live the life told him. "He came again and stole the nodded prettip. "I am not ashamed," she said. "The fan honest man," Core replied.

it. Now he has gone, and it must be "I am not ashamed," she said. "The "I thought I would try it anyhow-tor given back to whom it belongs." wariety," he continued. "I was relea

from that miserable hole at headquar- said.

Business won over justice."
There was a touch of cynical weariness

age clumsiness of Robinson fell back variety of costly furniture.

upon that butcher's weapon, a hatchet.

"The police officer, when he saw me, upon that butcher's weapon, a hatchet.

It was Saturday night. Robinson, said, 'Mr. B., would you like to see the place?"

wrapped in his Spanish cloak, rapped at place?"

"Tou mean that you kissed me in my said announced."

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"To weapon that you kissed turned the bow of Sir Richard. His chair. "Your sweet lips are for Mr. tongue clove to the roof of his mouth Vanderpool, alas!"

and Cora was fairly speechless. Not so

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

A Romanos of New York

By Louis Joseph Vance.

"The Destroying Angel" contains one of the strangest love stories in all fiction. It is also brimful of action and suspense. The kind of serial

to carry you past your station.

Don't mise a single instalme it of this great New York summer story.

You can't afford to. And remember, "The Destroying Angel" will begin in te-merrow's (Wednesday's) hyening World.

Will Begin in To-Morrow's Evening World.

"I sought work, and finally, through the diplomatic service, I was given a government commission. It was to find out from a woman where her husband and securities. A bargain was struck, turned and was out of the apartment in CHAPTER XLI.

had hidden certain papers of State that he claimed to have been stolen." Adrian lifted his eyebrows as & toker

table between them.

"Take it and give it to of mild surprise.

"Adrian, I hope I shall never see it or any other diamond in the government put me on its secret payroll at a good salary. I disappeared from London in the course of my duties. My next task showed me that the government thought me worth ian was standing and looking into yee, questioningly.

I was exciting and agreeable work, and the government put me on its secret payroll at a good salary. I disappeared from London in the course of my duties. My next task showed me that the government thought me worth keeping in its employ. My salary was raised, and when an issue of forged United States bonds was floated I was asked to aid in locating Sir Richard Calverly."

"What!" cried Adrian, half rising from his chair.

iven back to whom it belongs."

"You are hiding something, Cora," he proud. I captured Sir Richard, did I

wastery," he continued. "I was released from that miserable hole at headquarding the training of the miserable hole at headquarding the state of the

Men of Initiative Modern Americans Who Have Led the March of Progress

By Julius Chambers

5. THOMAS A. EDISON, Genius of "The Wonderful Lamp.

He is the protagonist of the present and of the future! The Water and Marconi temporarily had the limelight thrown upon them, and Edison still holds the centre of the stage the world around. The bessely the foremost star in the scientific galaxy of the twentieth contury. He is that rarest of all things, a PRACTICAL gentus—the champion of the et, the useful, the friendly life!

There was a period, about 1878, when Edison was in much anxiety of mind concerning the cherished problem of his life, namely, the subdivision of the clos-tric current. He had previously invented the quadruplex telegraph, by which sous distinct messages were sent simultaneously over one wire. He was then street ging with the complexities of the phonograph. The telephone had become a perfect instrument after the addition of his ourbon transmitter. But all these things were secondary in Edison's mind to a desired confirmation of his belief that the electric current could be divided into sections, switched into and out of use, for public and house illumination! Already he was called "The Wisard of Park," but he was loath to accept the title.

Park," but he was loath to accept the title.

At that moment of anxiety the London Daily News asked me to spend a night at Menio Park and te describe exectly what I saw. Yew trains stopped at the leastly statten. An order from the superintendent was necessary to stop one of the night expresses for my benefit. The hour appointed was 11. I found Mr. Edison in his workshop. He was courteous, without being effusive. His big gray gree were heenly critical: he was not sure that success had been attained.

I showed to him John R. Robinson's lotter, in which the director of the Len-

den newspaper had written:
"We are losing faith in Missen. Floase tell him so, but say we

let us go and see!"

Out into the night, under a dark and lowering sky, we went. The road led the down a httl. Along one unle thereof was a row of posts, alon which were fastened the then imperfect bulks. For dramatic effect Edison trined the turning on of the current ten minutes after we had started. We stood smid the darkness of midnight at a point where the road made a right angle. Suddenlys every

A moment later one of them, near to us, sputtered and went out, BUT the others continued to shine! Destruction at one lamp had not broken the circuit! That was the cruz of the invention. The electric light had been sub-divided! Even to me & was a moment of delirious triumph.

The vacuums in the glass bulbs were imperfect; the film used was a silver of make the state of t the presence of the genius of a lamp casting into insignificance the fabulous one of Aladdini

To-day Menlo Park to abandoned. But for me it has as great an interest as Palmyra of the Desert! Since that night I have seen the Edison lamp in the oldest and newest towns of the world; I have traversed at night the black waters

of the Bitter lakes; along the electrically lighted course of the Sues Canal.

tion of the phonograph marked him as an original "thinking machine." I have not even mentioned his wondershop at Liewelyn Park. A recapitulation of his patenta, applying science to industry, would require columns. His brain has galvanized into commercial activity billions of dollars.

His name is as immerial as that of Archimedes.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

The Sensitive Swain.



HITTY E. doing us the real harm.

The Chaperon.

The young person who is always am twenty-one years old, the person imagining himself man is a perfectly good sort, and I have

really nothing in the world but a sorm of conceit. to go to the theatre with a young man.

also, of necessity. It all depends upon what is the imagines that he tem among your social acquainteness and his affairs are in America there is no hard and fast

wronging and affronting you and m

It's our morbid imaginations which are doing us the real harm.

the important preoccupation of his
friends and acquaintances. Of course this isn't so. old and very much in love with a boy

He tore open his waistcoat and showed furnace, where the intense heat melts chine. it until it rune like water. The meltber his own badge of the service.

"But, Adrian!" she exclaimed. "How ing removes any impurities in the metal. down a sloping tube. At the bottom can that be? You with all your wealth

The purified mixture is poured into of it they are struck between two down.

Adjan began to laugh. He lest the chair and went to her, leaning over and chair and ch

Into this machine they are dr long, thin moulds and cooled; after and they come out stamped on beth which it is pressed between powerful sides. Every coin is tested before it rollers into sheets the exact thickness leaves the mint. The coins pass on a hunting criminals!"

"For the fun of it," he told her. "After I ran away from London and you I was always hunting trouble and excitament."

"And now, Adrian?" she saked.

"I think we shall both retire," he said, hissing her again. "We shall supprise Flyza by cending in our badges and wishing him all the fresh in the world. No one cise chall have anything about into round diens he size of a penny. The saids of a penny. The cales call the actual most wendered and they come out stamped an and they come out stamped and sides. Every coin is tested before the proving belt before an expert, we are a penny. These long, thin moulds and cooled; after which it is pressed between powerful and they come out stamped and they come